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first taste of genuine woods life. The fire still smouldered among the blackened brands, each of which had been the end of a huge log, and a thin column of blue smoke rising, was the only token of a late occupation we left in the place. Leaving the lake, we entered a stream of several yards in width, the outlet of this little series of lakes, and through which we must pass to get into the river, where the best fishing-grounds were. It was not possible to use the oars, much less to go side by side; so the guides took the paddles, and Angler's boat leading the way, we followed the windings of the stream, now and then casting at places where it seemed likely that the trout might lie. They were few, however, in the shallow water, and Student and I soon resigned our rods and left the game all to Angler.

The stream itself was crooked in the extreme, mainly fringed with willows and small water maples, and generally the shores retreated in a strip of level "meadow," as the guides called it, some patches containing an acre or more, seeming, indeed, so much like a cultivated meadow, that it was almost impossible to divest oneself of the idea that it was actually an old plantation. They were covered by a coarse swamp grass, and seemingly hedged around by alders and willows. Beyond them lay the woods—and on beyond, still nothing but woods; there was no road through this region but the one we travelled by—the brook. Occasionally the old pine woods came down to the bank and broke the monotony of the scene by a glimpse into their dark glades; and then the stream, turning sharply, would cut into a bold, bluff bank, undermining with each spring freshet, the trees above, and bringing them over, or simply showing a broken, precipitous slope of mingled earth and vegetation. At one of these was a little rapid, below which a quiet pool promised a "raise," and truly as Angler cast his irresistible brown hackle before the boat, and it fell with the most seductive grace and naturalness, a large trout rose and was instantly hooked. Angler burst out in an exclamation which, under most circumstances, would have been deemed extravagant, and we grounded our boat, and sprang ashore to see him "manage" his fish. The water was not more than two feet deep, and perfectly clear, so that every motion could be seen, and as well every tint. He did not seem particularly alarmed, but kept up a steady pull, occasionally turning to run to a deep hole under a tree stump just below, but was quietly turned back by a gentle strain on the line. I had never seen anything so magnificent in color as this fish, as instead of the common steel grey of the sides, and the silvery belly of the fish we had before caught, the belly of this was a pale salmon color, passing on the sides into vermilion, and then on the back into a brown, inclining to orange, with the brilliant red spots which mark all varieties of the species. The fins seemed much larger than usual, as we saw them in motion in the water, and were of the same rich brown, though darker, and edged at the top with white, and tipped with vermilion, which passed gradually into the brown. His motions were very sluggish, until Angler had reeled him nearly up to the boat when he

started, and with a rush that made the reel whiz, had nearly gained the desired hole in the bank before he was turned. Then turning up sidewise, as if to show us his beauty, in hope of finding some pity in an angler's heart, he came in slowly, reluctantly. I cannot now think of the capture of that fish without pain, but then, with blood up in the excitement of the moment, I was fearful he might break loose, and even wished to rush into the water to secure him.

Fifteen or twenty minutes, at least, were necessary to "kill" him, but when finally Angler took him into the boat, even he, with all his fishing experience, was astonished, for he had never seen such a trout before. It measured 18½ inches in length, and 5½ in depth, and by our guess, weighed between three and four pounds. There was little noteworthy angling after this, and a fish of a pound was for the moment insignificant. Beside, we were only *en route*, and must push on more rapidly, as this day's journey was to be twenty or twenty-five miles. Our winding stream came finally to its termination, debouching into a quiet river about a hundred feet wide, but deep, dark and sluggish. There were no shelving shores, but steep banks on both sides, on the tops of which were the wild unbroken forests. We were disappointed in its width, but the sullen blackness of the waters told more of its volume than we could understand at once. At the mouth of the brook, a point of sand presented a convenient landing place, and when we reached it, Angler had landed, and had his boat drawn up, while his line was fast to a snag in the bottom of the river. He had made a cast and struck a fish, he said, larger than the one he had caught, which ran to the bottom in spite of him, and broke loose. The line parted just above the leader, leaving it and the flies at the bottom, and what Angler regretted most, was the fly he had just caught the large trout with, and which he had intended to add to his collection of notable flies. It was past noon, and drawing up our boats on the sand, we took a lunch, and lay down to rest.

The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character. By JOHN RUSKIN.

NO. 8.—THE VILLA.

As regards the form of the Cottage, we have seen how the Westmoreland Cottage harmonized with the ease of outline so conspicuous in hill scenery, by the irregularity of its details; but here, no such irregularity is allowable or consistent, and is not even desirable. For the cottage embraces the wildness of the surrounding scene, by sympathizing with it; the Villa must do the same thing, by contrasting with it. The eye feels in a far greater degree, the terror of the distant and desolate peaks, when it passes down their ravined sides to sloping and verdant hills, and is guided from these to the rich glow of vegetable life in the low zones, and through this glow to the tall front of some noble edifice, peaceful even in its pride. But this contrast must not be sudden, or it will be startling and harsh; and therefore, as we saw above, the villa must be placed where all the severe

features of the scene, though not concealed, are distant, and where there is a graduation, so to speak of impression, from terror to loveliness, the one softened by distance, the other elevated in its style; and the form of the villa must not be fantastic or angular, but must be full of variety, so tempered by simplicity as to obtain ease of outline united with elevation of character; the first being necessary for reasons before advanced, and the second, that the whole may harmonize with the feeling induced by the lofty feature of the accompanying scenery in any hill country, and yet more, on the Larian Lake, by the deep memories and everlasting associations which haunt the stillness of its shore. Of the color required by Italian landscape we have spoken before, and we shall see that, particularly in this case, white or pale tones are agreeable. We shall now proceed to the situation and form of the Villa. As regards situation; the villas of the Lago di Como are built *par préférence*, either on jutting promontories of low crag covered with olives, or on those parts of the shore where some mountain stream has carried out a bank of alluvian into the lake. One object proposed in this choice of situation, is to catch the breeze as it comes up the main opening of the hills, and to avoid the reflection of the sun's rays from the rocks of the actual shore; and another is to obtain a prospect up or down the lake, and of the hill on whose projection the villa is built; but the effect of this choice, when the building is considered the object, is to carry it exactly into the place where it ought to be, far from the steep precipice and dark mountain to the border of the bending bay and citron-scented cape, where it stands at once conspicuous and in peace. We shall now consider the form of the Villa. It is generally the apex of a series of artificial terraces, which conduct through its gardens to the water. These are formal in their design, but extensive, wide and majestic in their slope, the steps being generally about half a foot high, and four and a half feet wide (sometimes however, much deeper). They are generally supported by white-wall, strengthened by unfilled arches, the angles being turned by sculptured pedestals, surmounted by statues, or urns. Along the terraces are carried rows, sometimes of cypress, more frequently of orange, or lemon trees with myrtles, sweet bay, and aloes, intermingled, but always with dark and spiry cypresses occurring in groups; and attached to these terraces, or to the villa itself, are series of orchard grottoes built (or sometimes cut in the rock) for coolness, frequently overhanging the water, kept dark and fresh, and altogether delicious to the feelings. A good instance of these united peculiarities is seen in the Villa Somma Riva, Lago di Como. The effect of the approaches is disputable. It is displeasing to many from its formality; but we are persuaded that it is right, because it is a national style, and therefore, has, in all probability, due connection with scene and character; and this connection we shall endeavor to prove.

The frequent occurrence of the arch is always delightful in distant effect, partly on account of its graceful line, partly because the shade it casts is varied in depth, becoming deeper and deeper as the grotto retires, and partly because it gives great

apparent elevation to the walls which it supports. The grottoes themselves are agreeable objects seen near, because they give an impression of coolness to the eye; and they echo all sounds with great melody; small streams are often conducted through them, occasioning slight bruises by their motion. Then the statue and the urn are graceful in their outline, classical in their meaning, and correct in their position, for where could they be more appropriate than here; the one ministering to memory, and the other to mourning. The terraces themselves are dignified in their character (a necessary effect, as we saw above), and even the formal rows of trees are right in this climate, for a peculiar reason. Effect is always to be considered, in Italy, as if the sun were always to shine, for it does nine days out of ten. Now the shadows of foliage regularly disposed, fall with a grace which it is impossible to describe, running up and down across the marble steps, and casting alternate statues into darkness; and chequering the white walls with a "method in their madness," altogether unattainable by loose grouping of trees; and, therefore, for the sake of this kind of shade, to which the eye, as well as the feeling, is attracted, the long rows of cypresses or orange trees is allowable. But there is a still more important reason for it, of a directly contrary nature to that which its formality would seem to require. In all beautiful designs of exterior descent, a certain regularity is necessary; the lines should be graceful, but they must balance each other, slope answering slope, statue to statue. Now this mathematical regularity would hurt the eye excessively in the midst of scenes of natural grace, were it executed in bare stone; but, if we make part of the design itself foliage, and put in touches of regular shade, alternating with the stone, whose distances and darknesses are as mathematically limited as the rest of the grouping, but whose nature is changeful, and varied in individual forms, we have obtained a link between Nature and Art, a step of transition leading the feelings gradually from the beauty of regularity to that of freedom. And this effect would not be obtained, as might at first appear, by intermingling trees of different kinds, at irregular distances, or wherever they chose to grow; for then the design and the foliage would be instantly separated by the eye, the symmetry of the one would be interrupted, the grace of the other lost; the nobility of the design would not be seen, but its formality would be felt; and the wildness of the trees would be injurious, because it would be felt to be out of place. On principles of composition, therefore, the regular disposition of decorative foliage is right, when such foliage is mixed with architecture; but it requires great taste, and long study, to design this disposition properly. Trees of dark leaf and little color should be invariably used, for they are to be considered, it must be remembered, rather as free touches of shade, than as trees. Take, for instance, the most simple bit of design, such as the hollow balustrade, and suppose that it is found to look cold or raw, when executed, and to want depth. Then put small pots, with any dark shrub, the darker the better, at fixed places behind them, at the same distance as the balustrades, or between every

two or three, and keep them cut down to a certain height, and we have immediate depth and increased ease, with undiminished symmetry. But the great difficulty is to keep the thing within proper limits, since too much of it will lead to paltriness, as is the case in a slight degree in Isola Bella, on Lago Maggiore; and not to let it run into small details; for be it remembered, that it is only in this majesty of Art, in its large and general effects, that this regulation is allowable; nothing but variety should be studied in detail, and, therefore, there can be no barbarism greater than the lozenge borders and beds of the French garden.

The scenery around must be naturally rich, that its variety of line may relieve the slight stiffness of the architecture itself; and the climate must always be considered; for, as we saw, the chief beauty of these flights of steps depends upon the presence of the sun; and, if they are to be in shade half the year, the dark trees will only make them gloomy, the grass will grow between the stones of the steps, black weeds will flicker from the pedestals, damp mosses discolour the statues and urns, and the whole will become one incongruous ruin, one ridiculous decay. Besides, the very dignity of its character, even could it be kept in proper order, would be out of place in any country but Italy. Busts of Virgil or Aristosto would look astonished in an English snow-storm; statues of Apollo and Diana would be no more divine, where the laurels of the one would be weak, and the crescent of the other would never gleam in pure moonlight. The whole glory of the design consists in its unison with the dignity of the landscape, and with the classical tone of the country. Take it away from its concomitant circumstances, and, instead of conducting the eye to it by a series of lofty and dreamy impressions, bring it through green lanes, or over copse-covered crags, as would be the case in England, and the whole system becomes utterly and absolutely absurd, ugly in outline, worse than useless in application, unmeaning in design, and incongruous in association. It seems, then, that in the approach to the Italian villa, we have discovered great nationality and great beauty, which was more than we could have expected, but a beauty utterly untransferable from its own settled habitation. In our next paper we shall proceed to the building itself, which will not detain us long, as it is generally simple in its design, and take a general view of villa architecture over Italy. We have bestowed considerable attention on this style of garden architecture, because it has been much observed by persons of high authority, and general good taste, who forget, in their love of grace and ideal beauty, the connection with surrounding circumstances so manifest even in its formality. Eustace, we think, is one of these; and, although it is an error of a kind he is perpetually committing, he is so far right, that this mannerism is frequently carried into excess even in its own peculiar domain, then becoming disagreeable, and is always a dangerous style in inexperienced hands. We think, however, paradoxical as the opinion may appear, that every one who is a true lover of Nature, and has been bred in her wild school, will be an admirer of this symmetrical designing, in its place; and will

feel, as often as he contemplates it, that the united effect of the wide and noble steps, with the pure water dashing over them like heated crystal, the long shadows of the cypress groves, the golden leaves and glorious light of blossom of the glancing aloes, the pale statues gleaming along the heights in their everlasting death in life, their motionless brows looking down for ever on the loveliness in which their beings once dwelt, marble forms of more than mortal grace lightening along the green arcades, amidst dark, cool grottoes, full of the voice of dashing waters, and of the breath of myrtle blossoms, with the blue of the deep lake and the distant precipice mingling at every opening with the eternal snows glowing in their noontide silence, is one not unworthy of Italy's most noble remembrances.

PERCEPTION OF LIKENESS.

The following letter was copied for publication in the Art-Union Bulletin, but did not appear there, owing to the discontinuance of that periodical. We are indebted to a friend for it, and give it in THE CRAYON for the interest it possesses in connection with the subject, as well as that belonging to the name of its distinguished author.—
EDS. CRAYON.

FLORENCE, Jan. 18, 1851.

To ———

MY DEAR SIR:—In your kind and very interesting letter from Turin you quote a question put, and answered *as a fact*, by some professor (I forget who), namely: "Why is it that a wife is a poor judge of her husband's portrait?" And you ask me to give you, in writing, my reasons for declaring, that *it is a fact* that a wife is almost always the *very best* judge of her husband's portrait. The reasons are as follows:

A wife who loves her husband sees instantly the slightest change in his expression. She knows by his looks if he is well or ill, good-natured or angry. She perceives almost his every thought, and all this by the changes of his countenance. His manner, to be sure, assists his expression, whatever it may be, but the face for the most part reveals to her the action of his mind, and the state of his bodily feelings. Now if the wife can discern with such nicety, by the changes from the habitual expression of her husband's features, how he feels and thinks, surely she of all others ought to be the best judge of the *likeness* of those features. If the likeness is perfect she sees him in it; if imperfect, she does not see him in it; she never saw him so; it is not familiar to her; it is not in the mirror of her soul, and her love rejects it as foreign and unknown. This is my argument, and my experience proves its truth.

I have made many busts of husbands and their wives too, and have always found them the last to be satisfied with each other's likeness. Their criticisms have usually followed in the progress of my work to the end, while others have been satisfied long before. Acquaintances and friends have said, "you can do no more to it, it is as like as it can be," &c., but husbands and wives have said, "No it is not right yet, it is not the right expression." They might not have said where it was wrong, but they felt that something was not *familiar* to them.

A picture or a bust should reflect, like a